THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 12.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LI.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

You must not start, with too much surprise, if I tell you, that I feel somewhat mischievously inclined towards your readers. I believe that, at times, you are not displeased to have an *excuse* for neglecting to take up your pen, for the purpose of entertaining them, and I am disposed to do something towards supplying you with one, for your next lucubration.

Last evening, as I sat in an attitude, that would not have disgraced any member of your family, seriously pondering upon the important subject, of which fair damsel I should devote the ensuing hour to; Fancy, who frequently delights to mislead me with her witcheries, waved her potent wand before my eyes. I thought I beheld two maidens, lovely as the Houries, contending which should draw me to her. A smile of self-complacency played upon my lips; a glow of pleasure kindled in my cheeks. As yet was I uncertain in whose favour victory would decide, when I again beheld that glance, which

"took my prison'd soul,
And lapp'd it in Elysium."

Ah! Mary, cried I, (the most exquisite sensations flushing through my whole frame, as I rose to go,) how could I hesitate! But, said Indolence, had you not as well sit where you are? You saw her last night; what new beauties do you expect now to discover? Sit down again, do, and suffer your imagination to dwell upon those charms, which you have already contemplated with so much delight.—What! sit here, moping over the remembrance of past felicity, when a slight exertion might make it present! Sit here, perhaps, without a friend calling on me, to relieve the ennui of solitude! No, no; that won't do—I must go. And do you call it solitude, said a secret voice, which I had not before heard, when the Muse is with you? Has she not relieved many a listless hour, and can she not spread a charm over the present one? Throw your hat upon the sofa again, and sit down. Are not the pages of the Port Folio, which lies open before you, a reproach for your negligence? Versify some of the elegant selections of Mr. Oldschool, whose praises gave you emotions almost as delightful as the smile of approving beauty. Is it thou, sweet nymph, replied I, that wouldest thus counsel me again to expose myself? And shall I forsake the fascinating smiles of the gentle Mary, for thee? Forsake Mary for me? No; will not each line present her to you? Will you not discover her lurking in every poetic beauty? Is it thus that HAFIZ would have spoken? Come—I see you yield. Sit down. You have read an expression of Abon Teman,* that "fine sentiments, delivered in prose, are like gems scattered at random, but when confined in poetical measure, they resemble bracelets and strings of pearls." Collect a few of these scattered gems; string them, and present the chaplet to Mr. Saunter.

What would you have done, sir, in such a situation? I could not resist. I threw my hat away, as I was bidden, sat down again, and versified, for you, four stanzas of the translation, in No. 37, Vol. II. of the Port Folio, transposing one of them for the sake of the connexion; and the whole of that in No. 40, of the same volume. To these I have added a little piece from the Arabic prince and poet Amriolkais.

O.

FROM THE PERSIAN.†

Haste, bring thy couch where roses grow,
The blushing damsels press to love;
Give, with rich wine, thy cheeks to glow,
And taste the fragrance of the grove.

Strew flowers around, and call for wine;
What more can'st thou from Fate demand?
Thus spoke the nightingale divine:
What say'st thou, rose, to his command?

O lovely plant! in beauty's bloom,
Tell me, on whose enraptur'd sight,
Thy flowers shall burst? Ah! say on whom
Thy smiling buds shall breathe delight?

On MARY—the rose would have said;
But Zephyr, ere the pause she broke,
Grew jealous of my lovely maid,
And stole her breath before she spoke.

* Abon Teman Habib is reckoned the most excellent of all the Arabian poets. He was born near Damascus, A. H. 190, and educated in Egypt; but the principal part of his life was spent at Bagdad, under the patronage of the Abbasside Khaliphs.

The presents he is reported to have received from these princes, and the respect with which he was treated by them, are so extravagant, that one can scarce give credit to the accounts of his historians. For a single poem, which he presented to one of them, he was rewarded with fifty thousand pieces of gold, and, at the same time, assured, that this pecuniary favour was infinitely below the obligation he had conferred: and upon reciting an elegy, he had composed, on the death of some great man, he was told, that no one could be said to die, who had been celebrated by Abon Teman.

This poet expired at Mousul, before he had quite reached his fortieth year. This early death had been already predicted, by a cotemporary writer, in these words: "The mind of Abon Teman must soon wear out his body, as the blade of an Indian scymetar destroys its scabbard." CARLYLE.

† Translated from Hafiz, by Sir William Jones.

Bring thy couch to the garden of roses, that thou mayest kiss the cheeks and lips of lovely damsels, quaff rich wine, and smell odoriferous blossoms.

Call for wine, and scatter flowers around; what more can'st thou ask of Fate? Thus spoke the nightingale this morning: what sayest thou, sweet rose, to his precepts?

O branch of an exquisite rose plant, for whose sake dost thou grow? Ah! on whom will that smiling rosebud confer delight?

The rose would have discoursed on the beauties of my charmer, but the gale was jealous, and stole her breath before she spoke.

From Diarbec, a gentle maid,*
The charming Ira, while, a rover,
On Tigris' borders, Morad stray'd,
Dispatch'd these stanzas to her lover.

O youth, for whom my bosom sighs!
For whom my soul is fill'd with love!
Say, in thy breast what thoughts arise,
As through Euanis' fields you rove?

Does Ira's form, to Fancy's eye,
Mix with the joys that round thee beam?
Or, faintly, does her image fly,
The shadow of a morning dream?

Ah! dost thou cry, when on each spray,
The songsters warble, soft and clear,
"To Morad's ear, though sweet your lay,
'Twould sweeter be were Ira here!"

When on our crouded streets they dwell,
What objects do thy thoughts embrace?
The mart? thy home?—O, flatterer, tell,
That Ira's image fills each place.

As Fancy looks through coming years,
What lov'd companion does it form,
To add delight, when joy appears,
Or share, with thee, life's frequent storm?

Does Ira all thy thoughts engage,
And wake, with constancy and truth,
The sun of thy declining age,
As cheery as thy morn of youth?

O, say, belov'd of Ira's heart!
For whom her soul with transport glows!
Say, shall thy love rude thorns impart?
Or shall it bloom, a fragrant rose?

Tell her—thy inmost soul declare,
Will Morad be with Ira blest,
The balm, to her existence dear?
Or thorn, the anguish of her breast?

—

FROM THE ARABIC OF AMRIOLKAIS.†

O, Fatima! why, why so coy?
Yet of thy harsh resolve repent,
Which bade me ne'er to hope for joy:
Relent! O beauteous maid, relent!

If manners, unrefin'd by art,
My Fatima does not approve;
Then, cruel, rend this faithful heart,
Which, while it beats, must ever love.

And dost thou hate, because my heart,
Thy heavenly charms alone could warm?
Because each wish, by thee exprest,
My soul is anxious to perform?

Thou weepest, love!—yet only flow
Those tears to give my heart a pain;
My heart, already pierc'd with woe,
Already broken by disdain.

* Vide No. 40, Vol. II. Port Folio.

† Translation from the Arabic, by Sir William Jones.

O Fatima, away with so much coyness; and, if thou hast resolved to abandon me, yet at least relent.

If, indeed, my disposition and manners are unpleasing to thee, rend, at once, the mantle of my heart, that it may be detained for my love.

Art thou so haughty, because my passion, for thee, destroys me; and because whatever thou commandest my heart performs?

Thou weepest—yet thy tears flow merely to wound my heart with the shafts of thine eyes; my heart already broken to pieces and agonizing.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATION OF AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, BY A SOCIETY OF LATIN WRITERS.

Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Cornelius Nepos, Quintus Curtius, Aurelius Victor, Aulus Gellius, &c.

At a time, when, in the bosom of the capital, there reigned peace and plenty, blessings which are commonly preferred, by mortals, to all others, there were citizens found, who were obstinately bent on their own destruction, and that of the commonwealth. The whole populace, from the desire of novelty, applauded the seditious enterprises of Cataline. This was entirely conformable to their character: for it always happens, in great cities, that those who have nothing, envy the best men, and extol the worst, detest the ancient institutions, and are impatient for innovations, as they curse their own situation, they wish all in confusion, they abandon themselves, without fear or care, to the revolutionary torrent, because Indigence has nothing to lose. Sallust in Bello Catilinario, art. 36, 37.

In the same year, the cities of the Gauls broke out in rebellions, excited by the enormity of their debts. Tacit. Annal. lib. 3. art. 40.

There is no bottomless ocean, no vast and stormy gulf or strait, which rolls such tumultuous billows, as a multitude, when it abandons itself to the excesses of a liberty recently acquired, and which it knows is soon to be lost. Quint. Curt. lib. 10. art. 7.

The revolutionists assemble in clubs making incendiary motions, concerning the prolongation of imposts, the severity of rents, the pride and cruelty of government. The cry resounds, this is the time for reconquering liberty. Tacit. Annal. lib. 3. art. 40.

Nevertheless, liberty and patriotism were assumed for pretexts, nor did any one ever attempt to enslave others, and establish his domination over them, without assuming those plausible words and fair colours. Tacit. Histor. lib. 4. art. 73.

Phrases and declamations, accusations of princes, laws, and fine speeches, heaped upon one another, you will find without number; but none of you ever returned from these self-created societies, to his own house, with his fortune or happiness augmented. What did any one ever bring home to his wife and children, but hatred, chagrin, and public and private resentment. Livy. lib. 3. art. 68.

Opening of the States General, May 2, 1789.

Nor had any authority force enough to repress the seditions of a people, who believed themselves to be protecting the ceremonies of their gods, while they were defending the crimes of men. It was, therefore, ordained, that the cities should send their instructions, and their delegates. Some of these spontaneously surrendered privileges and authorities, they had falsely usurped. Many confided in ancient superstitions, and in services rendered to the Roman people. This day exhibited a grand and imposing spectacle, in which the Senate re-examined the benefactions of our ancestors, the stipulations with our allies, the decrees of our kings, which were in force before the Roman power was formed, and even the religions of the divinities themselves. And all this with full liberty to confirm or to change, as at the beginning. Tacit. Annal. lib. 3. art. 60.

As soon as hatreds had an opportunity of fermenting, mutinies, seditions and, at last, civil wars arose. While a few powerful men, whose protection had been courted by the multitude, were affecting domination, under the specious pretexts of patriotism and liberty. Men were denominated good or bad citizens, not from any merits from the republic, for all were equally corrupt, but as any one became over rich and powerful by injustice, because he defended the present revolutionary enterprises, he was pronounced, a good man. Sallust, in fragment.

To declare the truth, in a few words, throughout those times, all those disturbers of the state, under popular pretensions, some of whom feigned to be defenders of the rights of the people, others to promote the dignity and authority of the Senate, contended, under the cloak of the public good, only for their own elevation. Sallust in Bell. Catilin. art. 38.

The Fates had already inkindled, in the nation, the torches of civil war. For the supreme power is indivisible, and it was claimed by numbers. At first, all united their forces: presently they separated: and when they had overloaded the body politic with more new members than it could bear, the ancient ones began to fail: and the empire, which might have stood upon one, when several attempted to support it, fell to ruin. Quint. Curt. lib. 10. art. 9.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

ACT 2....SCENE 1.

SCENE....THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

This scene is short, but it contains so many beauties; a philosophy, so superior to the theories of Frenchmen; imagery, so fine; a detestation of cruelty to animals, so impressive and pathetic, and presents us with so full a character of the "melancholy Jacques," that we shall transcribe it entire, for almost every line contains an idea.

Duke (*senior.*) Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?—Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?—
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's diff'rence; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say—
This is no flattery:—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venemous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in ev'ry thing.
Amiens. I would not change it. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubborness of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke (*senior.*) Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers, of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.
First Lord. Indeed, my Lord,
The *melancholy Jacques* grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp,
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you—
To-day, my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along,
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook, that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
Much marked of the melancholy Jacques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears——
Duke (*senior.*) But what said Jacques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needles stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament,*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.—Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Aye*, quoth Jacques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore should you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life:—swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.
Duke (*senior.*) And did you leave him in these contemplations?
Second Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting,
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke (*senior.*) Shew me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
Second Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

ACT 2....SCENE 3.

The third scene is occupied by Orlando and Adam, and marks Shakspeare's unrivalled genius for the pathetic. It has no incident to arrest the attention of the audience, but the bard of Avon can interest without resorting to the tricks of an Harlequin, and with the magic wand of genius, as with the rod of Moses, can make the stern heart yield the stream of pity.

How finely is envy painted—

Adam. Know you not, master, to some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies.

Shakspeare is again indebted to the Scriptures for a beautiful and a pathetic expression—

Adam. And he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!

The importance of temperance, in youth, is strongly enforced in these lines—

Adam. For in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

And in the following the selfish nature of man—

Orlando. Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the *having*.

As explained by Johnson—"*Even with the promotion gained by service, is service extinguished.*"

(To be Continued.)

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following sonnet of Fontenelle is quoted, in La Harpe's Lyceum, as one of the best in the French language.

Je suis, (criait jadis Apollon à Daphné,
Lorsque tout hors d'haleine il courait après elle,
Et lui contait pourtant la longue kirielle
Des rares qualités dont il était orné;)

Je suis le dieu des vers, je suis bel-esprit né,
Mais les vers n'étaient point la charme de la belle,
Je sais jouer du luth. Arrêtez—Bagatelle.
Le luth ne pouvait rien sur ce coeur obstiné.

Ja connais la vertu de la moindre racine
Ja suis, par mon savoir, dieu de la medicine.
Daphné courait encor plus vîte que jamais.

Mais s'il eût dit, voyez quelle est vôtre conquête,
Je suis unjeune dieu toujours beau, toujours frais,
Daphné sur ma parole aurait tourné la tête.

Those only, who are unacquainted with the

French language, may find some amusement in the following translation—

Oh! hear me, lovely Daphne! Phœbus cry'd,
While breathless he pursued the flying maid;
And as he ran, to win her grace, display'd,
All the bright parts, his ornament and pride.

I am the god of verse—and wit beside—
Nor verse nor wit the charming Daphne sway'd—
I play upon the lute—In vain he play'd;
Her stubborn heart Apollo's lute defy'd.

The virtues of the smallest root I know,
The art of physic I alone bestow—
At this, more swift than ever, Daphne fled—
But had the God exclaim'd—thy prize behold;
A handsome lover; ever young and bold—
My word for't, Daphne would have turn'd her head.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The sneers and ridicule with which the tribe of English editors, authors, and critics, treat every literary work that has the misfortune of being produced on this side of the Atlantic, are well known; and, I am confident, every one must feel, that this uniform and indiscriminate abuse is more owing to that contempt, which they affect for the American genius, than to our real inferiority.

We feel more mortified at this treatment, because we are conscious that, in our opinions as to them, on this subject, and on others, we always pay them that tribute of applause which is so justly their due. We reverence them as the parents of our arts, of our learning, and of our language. We admire them as the countrymen of Shakspeare, of Newton, and of Locke.

Yet, with all the veneration, excited by such powerful motives, we may sometimes find, that even we vapid and ignorant Americans are not always alone on the ludicrous side. Voltaire, in one of his essays on the English drama, amuses his readers with an account of one of their comedies, in which the despotic and republican governments were represented by dances. In the first, the king, after two or three turns, gives his prime minister a kick in the posteriors; the minister returns it to a second; he to a third, and so on; he who received the last, represented the people, and had no one to take his revenge upon. In the republican government, they all danced around, and each one kicked his neighbour.

National prejudices have, in both instances, produced partial notions and illiberal reflections.

One production, however, has lately arrested our attention; which, I trust, will silence at once all our complaints of ill treatment, and effectually convince us of the superiority of British wit, and British taste. Till this work appeared, they could direct us to no living instance of extraordinary talents; they were obliged to refer us to the volumes of authors, who have long since mouldered into dust. We must now humble ourselves at the thought, that genius and taste shall, in ages to come, envy the time which witnessed the birth of Alfonso.

As Aristotle is supposed to have drawn all his rules of criticism from the works of Homer; as Quintilian from the Orations of Cicero composed a complete system for the formation of an orator; in humble imitation of these fathers of the critical art, let me, for the benefit of my countrymen, and of posterity, from a work greater than theirs, lay down the modern art of making the most splendid and delectable of tragedies.

The three great objects to be attended to in this work, are the plot, the characters, and the sentiments.

In order to make out a striking and pathetic plot, the author must collect as many black-looking tragedies as his industry can discover; the older they are the better; interweaving and jumbling them together, so that it will be impossible to develope or understand them; which will have this great advantage, that the play will be as intelligible, if the reader begin at the middle or end, as at the beginning; and will moreover defeat the most industrious research of malevolent critics, while candid ones will not venture to asperse what they do not comprehend. If he can contrive to lay in some well known characters, artfully, he may expect a vast effect from it. To do this, let him take up Shakspeare's Macbeth, or any other established tragedy that suits his purpose; he may steal a king from one, a rebel general from another, a love-sick daughter from a third; and even a popular comedy may sometimes furnish a hint of a man running naked and mad about the woods and rocks, blasting the world, and scaring his visitors and friends. This is by no means so dangerous as might be imagined; it is cheating critics out of their eyes and ears; for who would be so stupid as to steal where every one would detect him? If to all this he can any how annex the noble and sublime catastrophe of a father murdering his long lost son, to preserve the life of a hateful enemy, he'll leave far behind him the fictions of Titus Andronicus, and the realities of Junius Brutus.

After arranging the plot, the time must be laid in a century long since gone by, and the place in a remote kingdom, and among grandees never heard of. For the names of the characters, it is quite sufficient if that of the king correspond with some old king of the country, though their qualities are as opposite as virtue and vice. As to those of the others, it is immaterial whether they are composed of a Roman emperor, with a rolling termination, or of the more melodious combinations of the roses and tulips of the garden.

Then for the sentiments; these he will find in the Bible, in moral treatises, in Addison's Cato, in Darwin's Botanic Garden, in a thousand well known books and common place works, where no one can suppose he has had the impudence to pick them up. He may then dress them up in the shape of soliloquies by the Heroine on the loves of winds, waters, mountains, hills, and moors; in panegyries by the most villainous traitor and murderer, on the pleasures of truth, and the iniquity and misery of dissembling; in invocations to the fiend Winter, to come and quench the volcano in the breast of a jealous woman; in a prayer to the winds to be so good as to waft one off this dirty, filthy earth, that is not worthy to bear us.

These he is to take care and alter in the expression as much as possible; so that they may not be known in their new dress. No matter how perverse and crooked the line, how prosaic the poetry, or how incomprehensible the meaning, his great object is to keep himself from being discovered. Therefore, if he should have occasion to say "*do what you please*," the most vulgar ear would recollect it in the obstinacy of a child, or the submission of an humble husband to a scolding wife; but if, cloathed in obsolete terms, he pronounce "*do e'en what you list*," the classic auditor will welcome it as the vigorous effort of a fertile fancy.

If, however, in spite of old and barbarous expressions, raked from the rubbish of black lettered antiquity, in spite of half formed ideas and broken sentences, the theft *will* appear, and no mouldiness of cloathing, or stretch of verse, can protect it from the notice of the envious critics of the day, he has nothing to do but to write a short preface, avowing the plagiarism, and telling the public, they are at liberty to look for more if they choose; but that those who shall chance to discover others are prejudiced individuals, and the world at large will do him full justice. Little apprehension need arise about the composition of this preface; it will pass, though there be hardly one paragraph in it perfectly grammatical, and though it be written in a style which would disgrace the letters of an Irish ampt, or the essays of a country schoolmaster.

I had like to have forgotten another rule, without which the author might be much troubled. A writer of plays is frequently at a loss, in the course of a dialogue, for what to say, in continuation of what he has begun. And though he may sometimes digress into the manner in which the great unknown went about parting the elements, and forming this world out of chaos, though he may help out his characters after they have received a mortal wound, or a bowl of poison, by setting them crazy, and making them see ghosts, spectres, and dead saints, and at others talk aside, or to the audience; these will not always serve. My direction, therefore, is, that each speaker, when he begins, should, as often as possible, repeat the last words of him who has just ceased. This is the genuine language of nature and of passion; for passion is always at a loss for ideas, but very fertile in unmeaning words. Besides, it will save a vast deal of trouble, and helps out the five acts amazingly, as a whole line may frequently be supplied in this way; and it arrests the attention of the audience to hear the same words sounded by two or three voices, in as many different keys.

If he now embellishes his tragedy with a tomb, a cascade, a venerable Abbey, by moonlight, his work is complete. Yet, if he can contrive to blow up a mine, and destroy three or four palaces and castles, by gunpowder, (the scene passing at the first discovery of gunpowder, and therefore striking with astonishment the amazed audience, who never heard of it before) the effect will be entirely irresistable.

He must now print it before he suffers it to appear on the stage, in order that the world may have no apology for not understanding it. And with the honest candour of a mind conscious of its supereminent abilities, declare to the public, "this is my *best work*; if you will not do me justice, it is only a proof of your utter want of learning, and your miserable depravity of taste; it will fully convince *me*, that the most finished tragedy human wit can produce would not succeed in this stupid and degenerate age."

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DUANEIANA.

He is Wit's Pedlar, and retails his Wares. [SHAKSPEARE.

I do not know what to think of the taste of some people; but on my presenting the following piece of an ode to Jefferson, which, when completed, I intended to have had printed on satin, and framed, to match his inaugural speech, I found that he did not appear to relish it. I say nothing about it. The ode's a good one, that's all. I don't think he could have written half so good a one. But he did not like it! There's no accounting for whims. *De gustibus, &c.* I intended to have gone on to say, how nicely we tricked the federalists: but I won't add another line to it. After spending near a week in writing thus much, to have him dislike it! ! Damn the ode, I say.

A PIECE OF AN ODE TO JEFFERSON.

.....THE GOD
OF THIS NEW WORLD....[*Mil. Par. Lost.*

RECITATIVE.

Ye sisters nine, descend and aid
This daring effort of my lyre;
Daring to him, whose proper *trade*,
Is but to *print* what ye inspire:

But, chief, Melpomene, to thee I bend;
Goddess of song, thy votary befriend!
And, as I sweep, with ardent hand, the strings,
To *him*, our public servant....yet our chief,
(Nothing from press and types a short relief)
O hide the *printer*, while the poet sings!

In ancient days, full many a bard has wreathed
The muse's flowers around his patron's brow;
And still, as veering interest pointed, breathed
To this, or that, the oft repeated vow.

Thus, urg'd by *patriotism*, while I live,
I'll be of land poetic very free;
And, since 'tis in your power a place to give,
Devote the lay, O Jefferson! to thee.

Muse, bid the song commence from that blest morn,
When to a wondering world a patriot chief was born,
When first his durance ended,
While gossips round grew witty,
The boy, by slaves attended,
Heard Dinah sing this ditty.

Air; accompanied with the banjo.

Peaceful slumber in de cradle,
Lilly Tommy, Dinah nigh,
Stirring hominy wid de ladle;
Den sing, Tommy, lullaby:
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby;
Den sing, Tommy, lullaby.

RECITATIVE.

But let us haste o'er all his infant years,
Nor tell how bland the nutriment he drew
From Dinah's breast—nor what his boyish fears,
When, awful, rose the pedant's birch to view.

Haste from the schools, from science' simple lore,
To where, enlarg'd, on nature's boundless plan,
His ardent mind would freedom's wilds explore,
As Mungo taught the sacred *rights of man*.

Air; Poor Negro hoe tobacco-hill.

Ah! massa Tom, you litty tink
When Mungo work all de day,
Midout one drop of rum to drink,
Dat Mungo wish to run away.

Though you born here, and white as snow,
Poor Mungo black, from Guinea shore;
Yet both alike—for Mungo knew,
All white mans are all blackamoor.

RECITATIVE.

O muse, with rapid pinions, wing thy flight,
And haste to scenes prolific of delight!
Nor stop to paint him in his rapid course,
When fast he scamper'd from the British horse;
But, (sav'd from murderous swords, the chief, by fate,
Destin'd to rule this happy land) relate,
How, at his farm arriv'd, of perils past he sung;
And, while the slaves astonish'd round him clung,
Softly sweet the banjo measures,
Thus he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

Air; Thus I stand like the Turk, &c.

In the cornfield I stand, with my negroes around,
Their glances from all sides my passion confound;
For Sal, Peg, and Quash, my inconstancy burns;
Though I'll take Sal the first, they shall all have their turns.

War, is but a peck of troubles;
Honour, virtue—empty bubbles;
Ne'er will I, for either sighing,
Slight my Sal—though love is cloying,
If the wench is worth the buying,
Surely she is worth enjoying:
Lovely Sally stands beside me,
She's the girl my purse provides me.

RECITATIVE.

The negroes rent their throats with loud applause.
So love was crowned, and Sally won the cause.

* *

I need not say how much I was mortified by the president's disapprobation of my ode. I had intended that it should have been set to music, and performed on the 4th of March. I shewed it to Dr. Mitchel, who supplies me with all my Latin, at the same time telling him, that I believed the rejection was merely on account of my having introduced some of those amiable weaknesses, to which we are all, more or less subject. The Dr. replied, he supposed that might have been a principal reason; but that there were others; for instance, said he, you have invoked Melpomene; now, though she is supposed to preside over Lyric poetry, yet it were better to have invoked some other muse, in preference to her; for as she is generally drawn with a mask, and that frequently placed so high as to give her the appearance of having *two faces*, the federal wits might suppose, that, in an ode to Jefferson, this circumstance had a peculiar allusion, which, I know, you are far from intending. Another reason is, that you have put an expression, very similar to one made by the president, into the mouth of Mungo; and although I do not think Jefferson could have got that beautiful paradox, of "we are all federalists, we are all democrats," from Mungo's "all white mans are all blackamoor;" yet they resemble each other so much, that our antagonists might have an occasion to be merry at our expense. The Dr. also made an alteration in one of my lines. I had written Melpomene. with three syllables, and it stood thus:

And, O! my Melpomene, to thee I bend.

The Dr. however, said it contained four syllables, and was pronounced Mel-po-me-ne; so I altered it in compliance with his opinion. I suppose he must be right, for they say he understands Greek.

In the following stanzas, I need not observe, that the last line ought to be read *mezza voce*, as the Italians call it.

EGO ET REX MEUS.

MYSELF AND THE PRESIDENT.

So, Tom, you do not like my ode!
Now, 'pon my word, that's very odd,
For 'tis a mighty good one;
And, when 'tis finish'd, I'll declare,
'Twill fit your honour to a hair;
Or call my muse a rude one.

Tell me where you can find a fault?
Is the verse lame? does the rhyme halt?
In what is it amiss?
May I no speeches get to print,
If 'tis not good!—the devil's in't,
If you're not pleas'd with this!

Why then, I'll say where 'tis not right:
You make me "scamper"—for his flight,
The feds your friend will rally;
You speak of "Gossips"—that I blame;
And then about the blacks—for shame!
Say not a word of "*Sally*."

—

On the arrival of the learned pig in the city of Washington, he was sent for to the president's, where he was much caressed. We were all highly pleased with his sagacity. Gid. Granger swore, that the pig could spell better than any man in the room, which Leib contradicted, and offered to spell against him. Several words were named, which they both got through with very well; indeed, I thought the advantage somewhat in Leib's favour, 'till Granger, unfortunately proposing *certificate*, Leib stammered so much, that it was given against him. A match was then made between the pig and Randolph, at old Virginia, or three up, three out, which the pig winning, R. flew into a violent rage, damned the pig for cheating, and offered to bet three negroes to two, on another game; but the pig would not play....we supposed, because he had no negroes. At the same time, I presented him with the following complimentary verses, which he received with a very gracious grunt. I must remark, that the intention mentioned in the last line, was never performed; for, on mature deliberation, in one of our caucuses, (as we term them) held for the purpose, it was deemed expedient to continue the present secretary, notwithstanding that it was supposed the new appointment would please the people.

TO THE LEARNED PIG.

O welcome! take this fond embrace,
Sweet pig! O welcome to this place!
Thou art not among Catos:
Of all restraint thou art the foe;
Thou lovest freedom; and, I know,
Thou lov'st—like me—potatoes.

What though thy snout be rather long,
Thy eyes so small, thy scent so strong,
And hide so rough and hairy;
Yet, sure the demos are thy friends,
And Jefferson himself, intends
To make thee *Secretary*.

—

TO THE FINANCIER.

.....*Hail, foreign wonder!*
Which, certain, these rude shades could ne'er produce.
[Milt. Comus.

Albert, although the feds declare,
(Enough to make a mammoth stare)
That thou art wonderous silly;
Yet, charity at home begun,
And thou can'st count to No. 1,
Or never credit Billy.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[The frightful increase of quack doctors, in all our great towns, induces us to exhibit the ensuing law report, in which may be seen with what a strict balance British Justice weighs the medical mountebank and assassin.]

SHERIFF'S COURT.

RICHARDS AGAINST BURNET.

This was a writ of enquiry of damages, in an action brought by the plaintiff, a clerk in a counting-house in the city, against the defendant, a vender of quack medicines, who styled himself a doctor, and distributed hand-bills, advertising medicines which were to cure every disorder incident to the human frame. It appeared the plaintiff had been subject to a scorbutic affection on the face; he applied to a regular apothecary, who told him there was nothing alarming in his case, and that it was only necessary for him to live regular. The plaintiff, however, in a short time after, grew impatient, and having met with one of the defendant's hand-bills, he applied to him for relief. The defendant undertook for the sum of ten guineas, half of which was paid down immediately, to effect a complete cure. With this view he prescribed certain pills, the virtues of which were enumerated in his hand-bill. The plaintiff was to rub an ointment on his face every night. He went on thus administering his medicines, and occasionally obtaining a guinea from the young man, who found himself from that time getting infinitely worse. He was at last reduced to such a situation, that he was nearly deprived of the use of his limbs, and his eye-sight was extremely impaired. In this situation he acknowledged to his friends the error he had committed; the assistance of an eminent physician was obtained, who found the plaintiff in a state of the utmost danger. He attributed it to the injudicious and indiscriminate application of preparations of mercury and antimony. By proper treatment the plaintiff recovered the use of his limbs, but the sight of his left eye was entirely lost. It was to obtain a satisfaction for the injury the present action was brought. The witnesses consisted of medical

gentlemen, who deposed, that the plaintiff owed not only the loss of his eye, but the debility of his whole frame, solely to the unskilful management of the defendant.

The Under-Sheriff expressed his surprize, that causes of this nature were not more frequently the subjects of inquiry in courts of justice. It was a matter of regret, that the legislature did not turn its attention to an evil, which had extended itself not only throughout the metropolis, but every part of the country. Such men as the defendant could be considered in no other light, than as public pests to society; a legalized plague to sweep mankind from the face of the earth. He hoped the jury would read a lesson, which would have a tendency to check an evil which had been too long tolerated.

The jury consulted a short time, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff....Damages, *four hundred pounds.*

EPISTOLARY.

[We have again an opportunity to exhibit an *original* picture of the good sense, amiable heart, and bewitching style of Dr Goldsmith. The ensuing letter is addressed to an Irish gentleman, who during the darkest period of our author's misfortunes, had rendered him signal service. The moral reader will be delighted to discern the ardent gratitude, with which Goldsmith repays his benefactor; and the man of taste and letters will banquet on that sweetness of style, and that poignancy of wit, which are always presented, whenever Goldsmith is the entertainer.

This letter is confidently recommended, as a model of epistolary ease. It is sententious, without obscurity; vivacious, without pertness, and witty, without affectation. Pure of ambitious conceits, and of complimentary jargon, it is a faithful journal of the honest emotions of the writer, who excites our applause, now by the intrepid independence of his spirit, and now by the glow of his social feelings.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

TO DANIEL HODSON, ESQ.

At Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.

DEAR SIR,

It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland, and to you, in particular. I received no answer; probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at, in soliciting a subscription, not only among my friends and relations, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance at being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution. How much I am obliged to you; to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtue have the proper name) for such charity to me, at that juncture. Sure I am born to ill fortune, to be so much a debtor, and unable to repay. But, to say no more of this, too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favours; let me only add, that my not receiving that supply, was the cause of my present establishment in London.* You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where, being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.

I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret; in short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. *Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muses, than poverty; but it were well, if they only left us at the door; the mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainment, and want, instead of being the gentleman usher, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular, I do not think proper to undeceive my friends. But whether I eat, or starve; live on a first floor, or four pair of stairs high; I still remember them with ardour, nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, this *Maladie du Pais*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place, who never received, when in it, above common civility; who never brought any thing out of it, except his brogue and his blunders.† Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife, and bonny Inverary. But [illegible] be serious, let me ask myself, what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? No....There are good company in Ireland? No....The conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast, or a bawdy song. The vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then perhaps there's more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh, Lord! no. There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Podareen mare there, one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the times of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague then so fond of Ireland! Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more, who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures which I at present possess. If I go to the opera,* where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fire side, and Johnny Armstrong's last good night from Peggy Golden. If I climb Flamstead hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect; I confess it fine, but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature. Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severer studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home, but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion, that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich: others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear from you, is that you sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she, and Lishoy, and Ballymahon, and all of you would fairly make a migration into Middlesex: though upon second

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* This passage is a picturesque description of the forlorn state, and dim prospects of an unknown adventurer. The sentence, which terminates the paragraph, may be attentively considered, by some, for the lesson of undaunted perseverance which it contains, and by others, as a lively specimen of that colloquial ease, and brightliness of diction, for which the writer is so justly eminent.

* Unlike the vulgar herd of authors, Goldsmith never *encumbers* himself with his figures, nor loses himself amid a *mob* of *metaphors*. When he deviates from the plain walk of narration, to select a topic, he presents it gracefully, like a courtier. He is never uncouth in the introduction of the ornaments of his style, and often employs them in a mode, as remote from that of college pedants, as the adroitness of a cavalier, in the Tennis Court, differs from the random violence of a player, at Quarterstaff, in the Bear garden.

† This is a pleasant instance of felicity, in the introduction of a concise story, to illustrate, not to amplify, a sentiment. The author's theory of patriotism, as exhibited in this place, is not unlike that of Dean Swift and Soame Jenyns. Goldsmith avers, that he likes his native country, because an amiable relative, and a few more friends have a residence there. Dean Swift says, more distinctly, that he detests man, though he likes John and Thomas. These sentiments are too sour, selfish, and misanthropical. I dare not commend them. But, in justification of poor Goldsmith, it should be remembered, that, at the time he wrote this letter, Ireland was remarkably dull and dissipated. Public spirit and individual energy were slumbering. Men of genius appeared but seldom, and were negligently fostered. Henry Brooke was compelled to *seek* his fortune. Goldsmith, naturally indolent, was exiled by the mandate of necessity; even the transcendant genius of EDMUND BURKE, disciplined by Learning, corroborated by Industry, exhibiting the fire of a poet, and the discernment of a prophet, could not flourish, but in the genial climate of London. There are certain epochs in the history, perhaps, of every country, when the best and brightest men are overwhelmed by a general combination in favour of stupidity, avarice, or faction. In such cases, it is in vain to look for munificence from the public, or for much patriotism in individuals. To love one's country, it is necessary that she be amiable and kind. Men do not seek a homely, a cold, or a frowning mistress. They fly to expanded arms, and to the smiling face. Suppose Goldsmith in a region, where transported or acquitted felons exercised a monstrous and cruel dominion; suppose that he was immersed in a free throng of men, who could not be very solicitous about their *duties*, after having fled away from all which they owed to their creditor, their church, or their King. Suppose that he was jostled by atheists, deists, *new* philosophers, jacobins, convicts, swindlers, pedlars, speculators, horse jockies, gladiators and buffoons. Suppose that he was fatigued with the snivelling economy of the rakers among republican rubbish, who preserve *pins*, on the authority of an *old saw*, and pick up rusty nails, because it is the way to wealth. Suppose that he was in the cave, with the captain Rolandos, of the very gang, who, whenever their means were commensurate with their malice, would put fire to his habitation, and the dagger to his throat; among the robbers of his patrimony, the opponents to his views, and the filchers of his good name. Would he call these, his natural foes, his *countrymen?* Could Patriotism herself, I mean the genuine power, urge to any other mode of conduct, than either to forsake a society, so abhorred, or what would be nobler, more salutary, more intrepid, and more glorious, to dare to remain with the *sincere*, the *real* lovers of the country, and by every strenuous, honest, and gallant deed, to confound and vanquish, and "*laugh to scorn*" its enemies.

* This is a brilliant specimen of the author's style, and of his heart-felt homage to the *Genius 'loci*. He appears to be fond of this comparison, and to cling to it with the ardour of a lover. In his essays, entitled "The Bee," first printed in the year 1759, he again employed it; and in his miscellaneous essays it appears once more. "When I reflect on the unambitious retirement, in which I passed the earlier part of my life, in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain, in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat, all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross purposes the highest stretches of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue. I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag, who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The *music of Matei is dissonance to what I felt, when our old dairy maid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen.*" In the Vicar of Wakefield, describing the musical powers of 'farmer Flamborough,' and of the 'blind piper,' the merry tasters of the 'gooseberry wine,' he enumerates, among other titles to good fellowship, that of singing these ballads.

thoughts, this might be attended with a few inconveniences; therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why Mahomet shall go to the mountain: or to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer, I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland. But first, believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure, nor levy contributions, neither to excite envy, nor conciliate favour: In fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither.* I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance.

You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself; but attribute my vanity to my affection: as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self, I imagine you will be pleased with these instances of egotism.

[*Some mention of private, family affairs, is here omitted.*]

My dear sir, these things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them. But at present there is hardly a kingdom in Europe, in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands, for we must be just, before we can be grateful. For the rest, I need not say, (you know I am,)

Your affectionate Kinsman,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Temple Exchange Coffee-House,
Near Temple Bar,
Where you may direct an answer.
December 27, 1757.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The *Economists*, in Congress, during the late session, passed a law, which bears the following title, viz. "An act making further provision for the expenses attending the intercourse between the U. States and foreign nations." Who would suspect, from the title of this law, that *two millions of dollars* are appropriated by it, to meet "the *expences attending* this intercourse?" &c. *Two millions of dollars!* What are two millions of dollars, but a little "further provision," for..... favourites of the executive?

Another act, by which more than a million and a half of dollars are appropriated, and made subject to the *discretional* call of the president, is intitled, "An act, directing a *detachment from the militia* of the United States, and for erecting *certain Arsenals.*" Does any body believe that these *titles of appropriation acts*, were thus expressed, by *pure accident?* No, no. It cost some labour, and some ingenuity, to hide the cloven foot. An *economical* president, an *economical* secretary of the treasury, and an *economical* majority in each branch of the legislature; would they be thus lavish of the public money? There is ne'er a *democrat*, in the country, who will believe a syllable of the story. It will pass current for a *Federal lie....a clue....a tub....a weazle*, or *a whale*. Nearly four millions of dollars, placed at the discretional call of the president, and not a single word, in the title of the appropriation acts, by which the *sovereign people*, who will have to pay every cent of it, could divine, that *money*, "*much money*," was the sole object in passing them. Without these economical *blinders*, the long ear'd sovereign would be very apt to take fright, and fly off. At the sight of such a heap of gold, even a stupid jack-ass might prick up his ears, and unless great pains should be taken by the rider, to persuade the beast, that, what he saw, was nothing but a dung-hill, poor Democracy would run great risk of being tumbled from his seat.

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What should be thought of the representatives of a nation, who hold the purse-strings of the people, were they to pass a law appropriating millions of dollars for public purposes, and entitle it an Act to *Relieve* the *People* of unnecessary burdens?

—

The present administration will take great care, that no charge of *misapplication* of funds, which was the alleged crime of their predecessors, shall ever be retorted upon them. *Ques.* How is this to be done? *Ans.* By appropriating *enough* to each object, in the first instance. *Forty thousand dollars* was given to Washington, for the expenses of foreign intercourse. *Two millions*, are given to Jefferson. This is democratic economy.

—

The National Intelligencer, says that Albert Gallatin's *answer* to the letter from the chairman of the committee of ways and means, which he wrote in consequence of Mr. Griswold's resolution; contained *thirty-two folio pages*, besides numerous accompanying documents, all written in about twenty-four hours. Oh, most industrious! It is generally agreed, that the *vindication* of his report, required dispatch. As to what Mr. Smith calls *satisfactory elucidation*, and a parcel more of equally fulsome stuff, there surely is such a word as *adulation*, and unless we were assured by Mr. Sammy, that he meant not "to ADULATE," we might have construed his panegyric, upon "the Secretary's answer," into something like flattery and compliment; but, "we mean not to *adulate*;" indeed, indeed, we do not mean to *adulate*.

—

The *Amœbean* dialogue between Governor Mercer and his Council, has not yet come to a final decision. One of the known laws of this kind of pastorals is, that each party must improve upon what was last said by the other; or at least must contradict it. This rule has been faithfully performed in the present contest. The Governor found the urgency of the occasion so great, that he departed from the new fashion of communication by *message*, and formally speechified the legislature, to announce that unless his construction of the constitution should prevail, he would resign his office into the hands of those who gave it. His construction did not prevail, and he has not resigned. He has bethought him of a more effectual measure to perplex maturest *councils*, and refuses to commission the persons appointed by them. Here, for the present, the matter rests. Upon the *principle* in question, the Governor is certainly right and his council are wrong. In the present state of things, this is evidence *tolerably conclusive*, that the issue of the struggle, will be the complete victory of the Council.

An evening paper contains the following paragraph, which, we trust, is unfounded—"The encouragement given by Bonaparte to English seamen is so great, that we are sorry to say, many thousands have entered in the French service. A private letter from Paris says: "It is certain that a great number of foreign sailors, since the peace, offered their services to the republic; but not one of any nation has been accepted of, nor have the French discharged a single man of their own." [*Lond. paper.*

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The Divine retribution has visited the whole gang of those atheists, who have marred the felicity of millions, and subverted the ancient monarchy of France. One cannot help exulting at the merited fate of the hoary jacobin.

In passing through the gardens of the Luxemburgh, says a writer from Paris, a little hunched back, ordinary man, meanly dressed, was pointed out to me, sitting in a solitary corner, and apparently melancholy; this was La Reveillere Lepeaux, the ex-director, sitting in the place where his guards used formerly to parade, perhaps meditating on his departed grandeur.

—

The Abbe De Lille is engaged by the London booksellers to translate Paradise Lost, into French Heroics. His reward is to be a thousand pounds.

—

The well known George Barrington, who, after having always offended the law in this country, at last acted as high constable at Botany Bay, is, we understand, dead, leaving a property amounting to £12,000. The circumstances of his life are well remembered by many. He escaped transportation, for stealing the Duke of Beaufort's Diamond George at St. James's, on a Birth-day, because the Duke felt the pull. It was stolen, but the nice distinction of the law said not privately. Afterwards he was tried and transported for stealing a gold watch at Enfield races, but that was privately, the owner did not feel the pull. The George was found on Barrington, and the watch was not; yet the nice distinctions of the law got the better of positive evidence. He is now gone, after having in his latter years acted a good part. His conduct was exemplary: he applied his former knowledge of the world to the improvement of a country which may one day equal in importance and splendour any that has yet existed. [*Lon. pap.*

—

A most singular effort of genius, we understand, is soon to be presented to the musical world, viz. A new method of writing music on *one* line, which will so very much abridge and facilitate the writing and learning of it, that those unacquainted with the art, and even children, may soon become proficients. The system is said to be quite simple and easy. [*Ibid.*

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From an Anti-Jacobinical work, we copy the ensuing lines, and we ask every democratic connoisseur, if he cannot discover a strong resemblance in this picture, drawn from the life?

A republican's picture is easy to draw,
He can't bear to *obey*, but will *govern* the law;
His manners unsocial, his temper unkind,
He's a rebel in conduct, a tyrant in mind.

He's envious of those, who have riches or pow'r,
Discontented, malignant, implacable, sour!
Never happy himself, he would wish to destroy
The comfort and blessings, which others enjoy.

Our forefathers of old, by his arts were deceiv'd,
Presbyterians they trusted—*fanatics* believ'd;
But, the throne overturn'd, John Bull found, to his cost,
He had fifty oppressors, for one he had lost!

Till at length the whole nation were glad to restore
That good constitution, which bless'd them before;
They no longer endur'd the republican yoke,
But hallow'd the boughs of the fam'd royal oak!

* With a frank confession of a poet's indigence, Goldsmith finely unites the proud independence of a philosopher. It is cheering, to the moral gazer, to discern such bright gleams of spirit, lightning from the "*collied* night of adversity."

The Corporation of Bath intended complimenting Mr. Pitt, on coming to drink their *water* after having drank so much *wine*, but Mr. Pitt declined the honour.

—

The events of the last ten years upon the great Theatre of Europe, remind one of the celebrated answer of Æsop to Chilo, who asked him what was the employment of Jupiter in heaven? "His occupation," replied the moralist, "is to pull down the mighty, and to exalt the low."

THE OLLA, No. IV.

Recent London papers, and the most novel repositories of wit, and humour, enable us to sally forth again this week.

Light arm'd with jests, antitheses, and puns.

The motley group, at a thronged watering place, is pleasantly sneered at, by one of the wits, of the Morning Post.

As we are told, *half a bed*, is not to be obtained for *money*, at Buxton, of course the visitors there sleep upon *tick*.

ON THE DEATH OF A BLACKSMITH.

With the nerves of a Sampson this son of a sledge,
By the anvil his livelihood got;
With the skill of old Vulcan could temper an edge;
And struck while his iron was hot.

By forging he liv'd, yet he never was tried,
Or condem'd by the laws of the land;
But still it is certain, and can't be denied,
He often was burnt in the hand.

With the sons of St. Crispin no kindred he claimed,
With the last he had nothing to do;
He handled no awl, and yet in his time,
Made many an excellent shoe.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still
His bellows was always in blast;
And I will acknowledge (deny it who will)
That one vice, and but one he possest.

No actor was he, or concern'd with the stage,
No audience to awe him appear'd;
Yet oft in the shop (like a crowd in a rage)
The voice of a hissing was heard.

The steeling of axes was part of his cares,
In thieving he never was found;
And tho' he was constantly beating on bars,
No vessel he e'er ran aground.

"Madame," said a Gentleman to a Lady of fashion at Brighton, on seeing the portrait of a youth who died for love of her, suspended from her neck, "I am concerned to see my old friend *hung in chains* at the place of his *execution*."

It is not to be wondered at, that the First Consul should *laugh* at all the English who appear at his *Levees*, the person introducing them *being always Merry*.

The report, that Gen. Lasnes quitted Portugal because the Prince Regent made *too free* with his *wife*, arose, we find, in the circumstance of Lasnes having refused to allow the Prince *to search his baggage*.

Many people considered, Mr. Addington a *dudgeon*, but his *voracity*, rather savours of the *shark* species.

An Irish Member has fortunately discovered a preventative against *Crim. Con.* It is a *stocking* that draws upon *both legs* at once.

Mr. Incledon has arrived in his musical tour at Boston. His friends feared he would be taken up for a *coiner*, as he has been making money, ever since he left town. He has already netted about 1500l.

Saturday se'nnight, a blacksmith, for a wager of one guinea, undertook to carry a sledge hammer, of fourteen pounds weight, (having a nail driven into the head of the handle), betwixt his teeth, one mile in twenty minutes. This extraordinary feat he performed, in eleven minutes and a half, with apparent ease, at East Retford.

(very like a whale).

A *glover*, who had lately opened a new shop in his line, in a country town in the West of England, was advised by a friend to advertise in a newspaper. No, said he, I think that a *hand*-bill, is better suited to my business.

Should Mr. Dundas be created Lord *Ceylon*, he will have such a *spice* of Nobility about him, that he will not fail to give a good *seasoning*, to the House of Lords.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a Bachelor, whose life
Was stain'd with vice, and sour'd with strife,
Happy, had o'er his *Sire* been read,
"Friends, *here a bachelor lies dead.*"

When the Duke of Norfolk built the very singular castle he has on the borders of the Ulls Water Lake, he asked a party of gentlemen, to whom he was shewing it, "Whether they did not think it very extraordinary?"...."So extraordinary," said one of them, "that if your Grace had but placed, the cellar in the garret, there could not have been, such a building in the world."*

By letters from Paris, the Chief Consul, will not allow Vestris to come over to this country, to fulfil his engagement. Bonaparte is taking so many *curious steps*, that probably he finds this dancer suggests ideas to him.

The receipts of Drury-lane, Theatre, on Saturday night, have been seldom exceeded since the erection of that national edifice. The Proprietors, consistently with their usual desire, to comply with the general wish, have prevailed on Mr. Stephen Kemble to perform two nights more, the character of *Falstaff*, in which he certainly has no *equal*, either as to the surprising *ponderosity* of his figure, or in his gigantic efforts to please.

TABLE TACTICS.

A lively French writer, in a comparative view of the *table tactics*, of the French and English, remarks, "that the manœuvres at an English dinner, are founded upon the same principle, as the Prussian discipline....Not a moment is lost!"

So much has been said of the *royal* grandeur of Bonaparte's *stud*, that some think he will yet "put the *saddle* on the *right horse*."

NEW-THEATRE, SATURDAY, MARCH 19.

This evening will be presented the popular comedy, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. To which will be added, the splendid historical romance, called Blue-beard, or Female Curiosity, for the benefit of MR. WOOD.

CONDITIONS OF THE PORT FOLIO.

The price of the paper is Five Dollars, annually, payable in advance. It will be exchanged, on equal terms, with Printers of Daily Gazettes, but the Editors of village papers, charged at a price, inferior to that of the Port Folio, must pay the difference.

For the convenience of others, and ourselves, it is suggested to subscribers, that they form into reading clubs, or societies, appointing some general agent, responsible for the whole subscription. To such agent, a just remuneration, if required, shall be allowed.

Letters must be *post-paid*, and the following gentlemen are empowered, as AGENTS, for the transmission of names, and the collection of subscriptions; and the Editor will be particularly obliged, if his friends will aid him in disseminating a paper, in the conducting of which no pains shall be spared to render it worthy of public approbation.

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Thos. Simmons, *do.*

GEORGIA.
Donald M'Iver, *Augusta.*

* This *baby* house, of the Duke of Norfolk, is not unlike a strange thing, at Monticello, called, "the *charming mansion!*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Come, *Care*, with thy legion of herd-loving ills,
The combat I shall not decline;
My second's a Spaniard—a fiery çigar,
And my weapon's a bumper of wine.

Number two, at Joe Hardy's, I'll choose for the ground,
To mark out the distance be thine,
Care! take the first shot—stay, but ere we begin,
Let's shake hands, o'er a bumper of wine.

Now charge well thy weapon, with frowns of the girl,
Whom hope has recorded as mine,
I'll knock off the ashes, and puff my çigar,
And charge thee, with bumpers of wine.

Be thy next charge composed of Poverty's frowns,
To whose aim oft a life we resign,
I'll encircle myself, in a volume of smoke,
And toss off a bumper of wine.

Thy third, the mad rule of political foes,
At this I shall never repine,
I know I may turn them, whenever I will,
With a bumper of Burgundy wine.

A modern Xantippe, cross, ugly, and old,
Still the contest I shall not decline,
If she scold, I have ever a remedy near,
In a bumper of noise-loving wine.

Nor at Poverty's frowns, nor the frowns of my girl,
Nor at Jacobin foes I'll repine,
E'en an old woman's tongue, tho' it wind-mill-like run,
Has no terrors when mellowed by wine.

But *Care!* I've a secret to whisper thy ear;
I have told it to no ear but thine;
If you would, that in grief, I go down to my grave,
Let me thirst for a bumper of wine.

HILARIO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[In a former number, you mentioned your inclination to make the Port Folio an asylum for the fugitive pieces of your countrymen. I send you some poetical trifles, which are but little known; they are from the pen of one of your correspondents.]

A.

TO DELIA.

WRITTEN AT NAPLES.

Oft to my heart the fairy sprite,
Recals the scenes of past delight;
Oft, smiling sweet, in all thy charms,
Gives thee, O Delia, to my arms.

But soon, alas! the vision dies,
Each airy form of transport flies,
And thou, e'en THOU, O lovely fair!
Leav'st me to anguish and despair.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MARIAN OWNS HER LOVE.

Such passion in my bosom grew,
When first sweet Marian met my view,
That, by its tenderness opprest,
In vain I sought my wonted rest:
But now, no sighs
From fear arise,
No more those pains I prove;
With fond delight,
My heart beats light,
For Marian owns her love.

Each wealthy shepherd strove to gain,
This beauty of our humble plain;
But riches could no joy impart,
Nor wake a sigh in Marian's heart:
Still near the fair,
With anxious care,
To win her smile I strove;
Nor bore in vain,
The tender pain,
For Marian owns her love.

'Tis true, no wealthy stores are mine;
To others I those joys resign:
With Marian dear to grace my cot,
Content shall ever be my lot.
At morning gay,
At setting day,
We'll still new raptures prove;
Still fond delight,
Shall crown each night,
While Marian owns her love.

SELECTED POETRY.

BRYANTSTONE CLIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PEASANT'S FATE."

Long have those groves, which rural Thomson sung,
The blest retreats of our immortal Young,
In silence lain, a desolated scene!
Crush'd ev'ry flower, and faded ev'ry green!
No more proud Eastbury triumphant reigns,
The glory of the fam'd Dorsetian plains;
Yet lo! in miniature, before our eyes,
Surpris'd, we view a new Arcadia rise,
Where Art and Nature, join'd in union blest,
Shine proudly forth, in equal splendors drest.
Since more ignoble streams the bards of yore,
Have taught succeeding ages to adore,
Shalt thou, majestic Stour, unsung remain,
Nor claim the tribute of a rustic strain?
Delightful river! oft have I survey'd,
Enrapt, thy course, as on thy banks I stray'd,
Where the dank willows drink the limpid wave,
And stately swans their downy plumage lave;
Above, the cliff's tall groves theatric rise,
Shade above shade, aspiring to the skies;
Beneath, the winding walk, with violets spread,
Invites the Muse its devious maze to tread;
On either hand high waving roses bloom,
Woodbines and jessamines shed a rich perfume;
Wreath'd by the vernal dewy-finger'd Hours,
They form romantic shades and rural bow'rs,
Sacred to friendship and unsullied love,
The pride and patrons of the happy grove.
Still might the Bard be suffer'd here to stray,
With Peace and Poesy, in Wisdom's way;
No other Pindus should his wishes claim,
Nor high ambition dare a bolder aim!

ANACREON.

Nature, with hand benign, adorns,
The horse with hoofs, the bull with horns;
Gives to the hare, with winged speed,
To brush the lawn or flowery mead;
And, though we blush to own the truth,
The lion arms with iron tooth.
To birds she gives the power to fly,
And hold the regions of the sky;
And, mindful of the finny race,
Ocean's immeasurable space.
Man too, with fortitude elate,
Boldly contemns the threatened fate.
But say, if thus to each, in turn,
She pour the secrets of her urn,
Does there not still some gift remain,
Some gift the female sex attain?
Beauty—shall be the fair one's prize,
For what with Beauty's magic vies?
She, who possesses Beauty's charms,
Nor fire nor ruthless steel disarms;
Proudly she views both land and sea,
Bow, to her shrine, the bended knee.

LOVE WITHOUT ARMS.

IMITATED, IN PART, FROM THE FRENCH.

Idalia's little god, one day,
Who near to lovely Rosa stood,
Threw bow and arrows quick away,
And quench'd his flambeau in the flood,
A chrystal tear begem'd each eye,
He seem'd by woe full sore opprest;
Sob after sob, and sigh on sigh,
Broke from his anxious heaving breast.
Thinking that some one's stern disdain,
Thus caus'd the urchin to complain:

With footsteps light as air I fled,
To hush his frantic piercing cries,
To quell his fears, to chafe his head,
And wipe his cheeks and humid eyes.
When soon, with my attentions pleas'd,
His face assum'd its wonted glow;
Whilst I the happy moment seiz'd
His troubled thoughts and griefs to know.
When thus the rosy trembling child,
Whisper'd to me, in accents mild:

"Can'st thou view fair Rosa's charms,
And mark her brilliant eyes of fire;
That face which ev'ry bosom warms;
And then my cause of grief inquire?
For whilst such smiles adorn the maid,
I must confess myself out-done;
She'll conquer hearts without my aid,
And make all bow before her throne."
I cast one look—when, to my cost,
I found, like Love, my peace was lost.

THE VOICE OF HIM I LOVE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Hence, far from me, ye senseless joys,
That fade before ye reach the heart—
The crowded dome's distracted noise,
Where all is pomp, and useless art!

Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours untold and peaceful move;
So fate ordain I sometimes there
May hear the voice of him I love.

I hate e'en music's pleasing power,
When giddy crowds my tones attend,
But love to sing, at evening's hour,
To soothe the sorrows of a friend.

I love to breathe the plaintive lays,
That Henry's heart and taste approve;
For, oh! how sweet, in tones of praise,
Appears the voice of him I love!

The praises I from others hear
Some joy may to my pride impart,
But Henry's wake the rapturous tear,
For his applauses touch my heart.

From busy crowds, o'erjoy'd, I fly,
With him in lonely shades to rove,
For e'en in gayest scenes I sigh
To hear the voice of him I love.

I woo the drama's magic powers,
Seek music's ever-crowded shrine,
In learning pass the studious hours,
Or try the Muse's wreath to twine.

Yet still I feel a joy more dear,
Though I these pure delights approve,
When in retirement's scenes I hear
The soothing voice of him I love.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR,
BY WILLIAM FRY,
AND PRINTED BY H. MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND STREET.